

NO. 4

JACKPOT

10¢

WITH

comics

ALL BRAND NEW STORIES



STEEL STERLING



BLACK HOOD



MR. JUSTICE



SERGEANT BOYLE

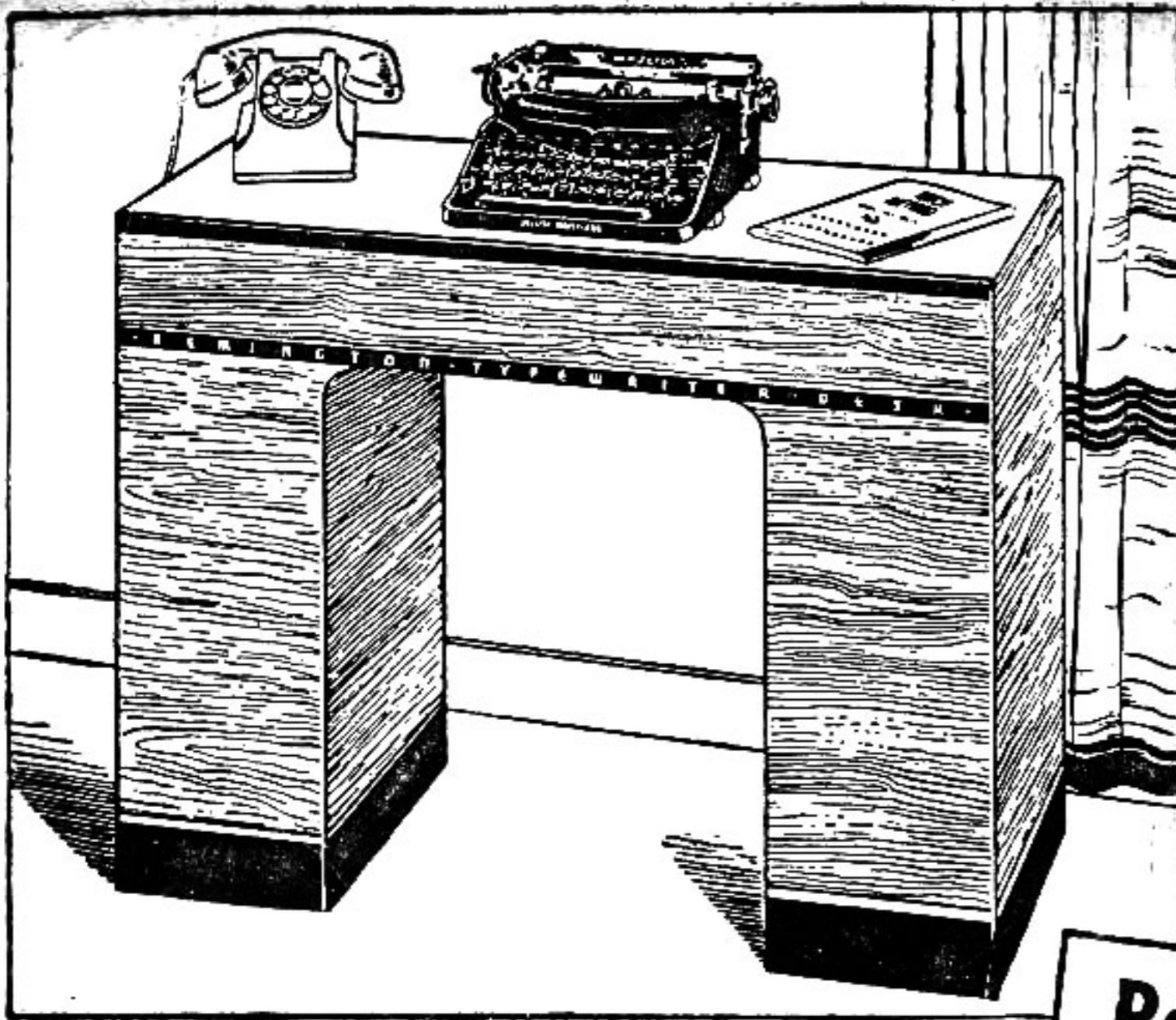


NEW FEATURE
ARCHIE

Montana



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ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. **DO IT TODAY!**

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU! LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.



SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.



SEND COUPON NOW!

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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington ten pay way. Send Catalogue.

Name

Address

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL

TOWN TALK

BY WALT WILLARD

IT IS A CERTAINTY NOW THAT J.F. BOWEN HAS EMBEZZLED FUNDS FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY OF WHICH HE IS TREASURER. MY INFORMATION HAS IT THAT HE WILL BE INDICTED SOON...

.....
A BROADWAY AGENT TOLD ME THE OTHER DAY THAT BOBBY JAMES IS LOOKING FOR A JOB IN BURLESQUE. I HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT THAT WAS WHERE SHE BELONGED...
.....

A WINDOW IS RIPPED OPEN AND INTO THE SUICIDES ROOM LEAPS STEEL STERLING, MAN OF STEEL.

TOO LATE!
BOWEN
DID IT
JUST AS I
THOUGHT
HE WOULD.

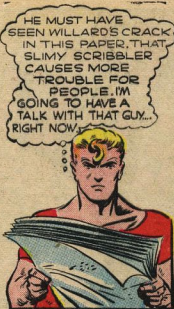
BY
IRVING
NOVICIC

United States registered Patent Office

1



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!
A BULLET RIGHT
THROUGH HIS TEMPLE.
POOR CHAP! THE WAY
HE WAS WORKING HE'D
SOON HAVE HAD
ENOUGH TO
PAY BACK
THE MONEY
HE TOOK.



HE MUST HAVE
SEEN WILLARD'S CRACK
IN THIS PAPER. THAT
SLIMY SCRIBBLER
CAUSES MORE
TROUBLE FOR
PEOPLE. I'M
GOING TO HAVE A
TALK WITH THAT GUY...
RIGHT NOW!



IN A SWANK MIDTOWN
APARTMENT, BOBBY
JAMES BROADWAY ACT-
RESS, READS WILLARD'S
COLUMN.
'A BROADWAY
AGENT TOLD
ME THE OTHER
DAY THAT
BOBBY
JAMES...'



THAT UNSPEAKABLE
WORM. THESE
CRACKS OF HIS
HAVE PUT ME ON
THE SKIDS.



OUTSIDE AN ELEGANT
HOTEL A BEGGAR HOPES
FOR A FEW PENNIES.



A NEWSPAPER!
I HAVEN'T SEEN
ONE IN DAYS.



LIVING THIS KIND
OF LIFE, A MAN
BEGINS TO GROW
INDIFFERENT TO
EVERYTHING THAT
HAPPENS IN THE
WORLD.



WHAT'S THIS? IS
IT TRUE THAT
GEORGE FRAZER...
WHY, IT'S ABOUT
ME. GOOD LORD, I
HOPE MY SON
DOESN'T SEE THIS.
HE MUSTN'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO ME.

AT A WESTERN COLLEGE.

HA, HA. DID YOU SEE THIS CRACK ABOUT GEORGE FRAZER-EX-LAWYER? WHY THAT'S BOB'S FATHER!

THERE'S BOB NOW.

HI BOB.

HOW'S IT FEEL TO HAVE YOUR OLD MAN BEGGING ON THE STREETS TO PUT YOU THROUGH COLLEGE?

YOU CHEAP LYING BAG OF WIND!

IT IS ABOUT DAD--GEORGE FRAZER, AND I NEVER KNEW HE PROBABLY THOUGHT I'D BE ASHAMED OF HIM, AND THIS WALT WILLARD OUGHT TO... BE SHOT!

BACK IN THE BIG CITY, A STAGE DOOR WATCHMAN READS ABOUT HIMSELF IN WILLARD'S COLUMN.

SO IMA HAS BEEN EH--WHY, THE DIRTY RAT!

AND IN A NEARBY BEANERY LOONY AND CLANCY READ ABOUT THEMSELVES.

DID YOU SEE THIS CRACK ABOUT US?

WHAT ABOUT US?

YEAH, RIGHT HERE, IN WALT WILLARD'S COLUMN, HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE TWO BOOBS WHO USED TO HELP STEEL STERLING. CAN YOU BEAT THAT, CALLING US BOOBS.







I'LL BET THAT WISE KID RAN INTO THIS ROOM.



INSIDE THE ROOM WALT WILLARD LIES SLUMPED OVER A TYPEWRITER, A BULLET IN HIS HEART.

GOSH, WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



GEE WHIZ - A GUN! I THINK MAYBE SOMETHING IS WRONG.



JUST THEN A WOMAN PASSES THE DOOR.

HM, MAYBE HE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

OH - THAT MAN! HE HAS A GUN!



E-E-E-E HELP! MURDER!



WHERE'D THAT SCREAM COME FROM. WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

HYA, CLANCY! SOMETHING WRONG?



GOSH, LOONEY, WHY'D YOU DO IT? I DIDN'T THINK YOU MEANT IT WHEN YOU SAID YOU'D FIX HIM.

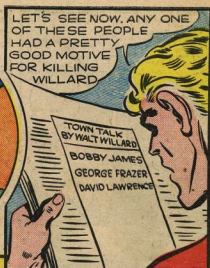
WHO ME?



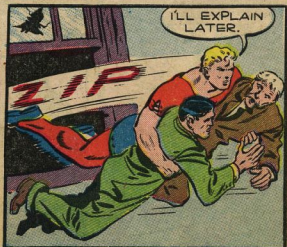
DID YOU SAY YOU'D FIX HIM OR DIDN'T YOU.

GULP YEAH BUT GEE I - YOU - KNOW.

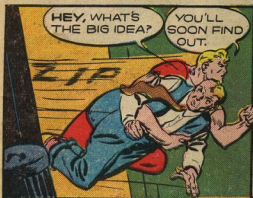




AT THE HOVEL WHICH GEORGE FRAZER CALLS HIS HOME.

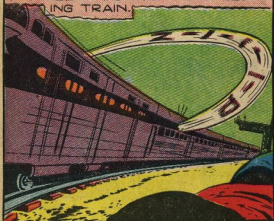


STEEL DEPOSITS THE TWO MEN IN THE HOTEL ROOM.





WHIZZING THROUGH SPACE THE MAN OF STEEL LEAPS INTO THE SPEED-ING TRAIN.



AND COMES OUT WITH BOBBY JAMES.



NOW YOU CAN ALL MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE...



-- BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE UNTIL THE ONE WHO MURDERED WALT WILLARD CONFESSES.

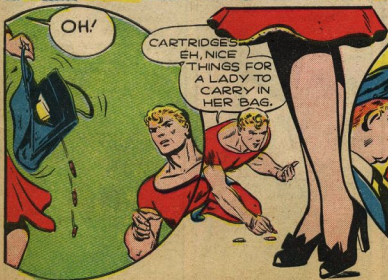


REALLY WELL IN THAT CASE I'LL HAVE A CIGARETTE.



OH!

CARTRIDGES EH, NICE THINGS FOR A LADY TO CARRY IN HER BAG.



.32'S THAT'S THE CALIBRE OF THE GUN THEY FOUND LOONEY HOLDING.







LOOK!
THERE'S
STEEL
NOW.

I WANT YOU TO
PERFORM AN AUTOPSY
ON WILLARD'S BODY
AT ONCE.



A LITTLE WHILE
LATER.

YES-WE FOUND
CITROPINE IN WIL-
LARD'S BODY. HE
WAS DEAD BEFORE
HE WAS SHOT.

THAT'S ALL
I WANTED
TO KNOW.



YOU'RE
PRETTY
LUCKY MISS
JAMES. YOU
ONLY SHOT A
DEAD MAN. NOW
WE CAN GET
LOONEY OUT.



HERE IT IS,
SERGEANT. A
COMPLETE
REPORT FROM
THE MEDICAL
EXAMINER.

WELL,
CAN
YOU
BEAT
THAT?



HIYA LOONEY, I KNEW
BOY IT'S
GOOD TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN.

YOU'D
GET ME
OUT,
CLANCY,
YOU'RE A
REAL PAL.

THAT DOCTOR TOLD ME
WILLARD WAS GOING TO
DIE OF HEART DISEASE.
THAT MEDICINE WAS TO
BE TAKEN IN SMALL DOSES.
IN A LARGE DOSE IT'S
FATAL. WILLARD
MUST HAVE
DECIDED TO
KILL HIMSELF.



HAW, HAW! AIN'T
THAT A LAUGH, MISS
JAMES? EVERYBODY
THOUGHT YOU DID
IT, BUT I KNEW YOU
COULDN'T
HAVE.



MURDER-
OUSLY
FUNNY
ISN'T IT?

UNTIL THEIR
NEXT ADVENTURE IN ZIP
COMICS, STEEL
CLANCY AND LOONEY ARE
GOING TO BE
KIND OF TIED
UP. YOU SEE,
THEY'VE GOT-
TEN THEIR
COPIES OF
JACKPOTSM
AND SHIELD-
WIZARDSM 6 -
ON SALE
RIGHT NOW,
AND, WELL,
ENOUGH SAID!

BLOODY GOLD

A STEEL STERLING STORY

Night hovered over the valley in which lay the long deserted ghost mining town of Goldville. Looking down from a ridge, Clancy and Looney nervously elutched each other as the sudden howl of a coyote split the air. "Nothin' to be soared ef," Clancy said. "C'mon, let's look fer gold while we're waitin' for Steel." Looney's homely face lit up. "Good idea, Clancy. Let's go." As they entered the town several menacing figures bearing six shooters came out of the shadows at them. A tall, grim faced man stepped forward. "What are you two doing here?" he growled. Looney looked at Clancy. Clancy looked at Looney. Both gulped. Looney finally answered. "We..we were just lookin' for gold."

"We'll soon find out about that. March."

Their knees quaking Looney and Clancy were marched to a house at the edge of the town, near the entrance of the mine. Inside, a tall, monocled man greeted them. When he heard their stories, he said, "I frankly don't believe you. I had heard that someone by the name of Steel Sterling was looking for a source from which gold was being smuggled out of your so rich country. I thought for a moment, one of you might have been him, but I see now I was wrong. You look too stupid."

"Now, wait a minute," Clancy started to say. But the monocled man broke in. "Well, as long as you two are so anxious to look for gold, we shall see that o you do so." His voice hardened. "Take them to an abandoned section of the mine and seal them up there. They'll have plenty of time to dig for gold."

"Hey," Clancy blustered. "You can't do that to us--wait when Steel gets here, he'll--" A swift kick from Looney silenced him, but it was too late.

"Ah, so Mr. Sterling did send you? Well, rest assured he shall receive an excellent welcome."

A sudden splintering of wood announced the presence of Steel Sterling as the Man of Steel came flying through the door. "I'm not waiting for your reception, Mister. But here's my way of saying hello to your kind." And he sailed into them. Soon Steel looked down at a group of badly mauled thugs. Looney and Clancy still circled around the room, yelling, "Bring 'em on, we'll molder 'em." Steel smiled at them, then said, "You two were perfect decoys for me." Looney looked at Clancy then said slowly..."decoys?"

"Yes. You see when we traced those smuggled gold shipments to this section, we knew that if we descended with a squad of FBI men on this gang, it might give them a chance to escape. So..I sent you two, knowing that you would be bound to start things moving in your usual blundering manner. And you came through. Now we've found the men who have been smuggling gold out to Germany." "Aw," muttered Looney, "we knew it all the time. That's why we did what we did. Didn't we Clancy." "Huh?" Clancy gulped. "Sure, you didn't fool us."

MARCH

ZIP COMICS

NO. 24

STARRING **STEEL STERLING MAN OF STEEL**

AND

CO-STARRING **BLACK JACK** THE NEW SMASH HIT OF COMICS PLUS

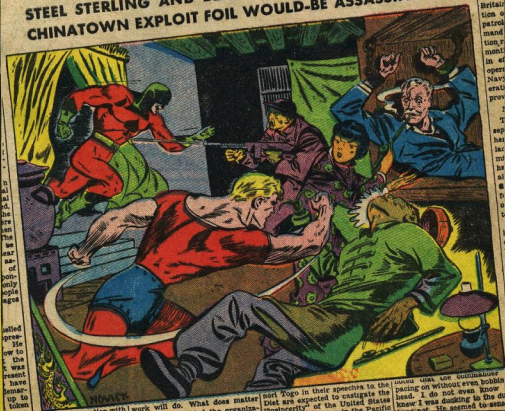
SUCH SENSATIONAL FEATURES AS : **WILBUR-CAPTAIN VALOR-DICKY-WAR EAGLES - NEVADA JONES AND ZAMBINI**

ALL ADD UP

TO GIVE YOU THE BEST BUY IN COMIC BOOKS

ON SALE NOW

Exclusive Photo... Zip News Service
STEEL STERLING AND BLACK JACK IN DARING CHINATOWN EXPLOIT FOIL WOULD-BE ASSASSINS!



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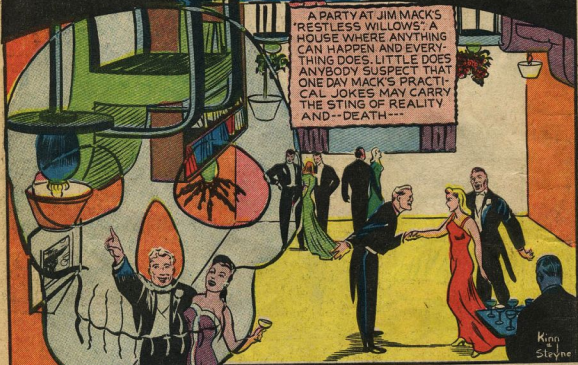
What does matter... sort Togo in their speeches to the Diet are expected to castigate the "unintegrity" of the United States... pacing on without even know head. I do not even know know I was dunking to the du... of. He seemed to ass

THE BLACK HOOD



MAN OF MYSTERY

A PARTY AT JIM MACK'S 'RESTLESS WILLOWS'; A HOUSE WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AND EVERYTHING DOES. LITTLE DOES ANYBODY SUSPECT THAT ONE DAY MACK'S PRACTICAL JOKES MAY CARRY THE STING OF REALITY AND--DEATH---



Kinn & Steyne

MACK TAKES PLEASURE IN WATCHING HIS GUESTS ENJOY THEMSELVES...

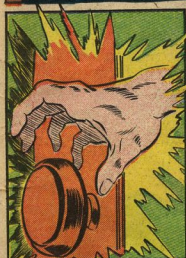


THIS PARTY SURE IS A SUCCESS!



WE HAD A LOVELY TIME, JIM!



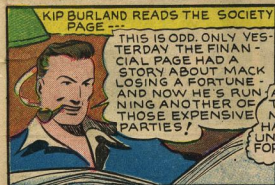
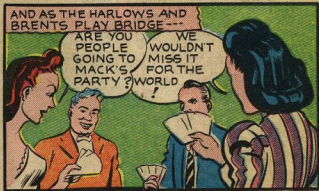




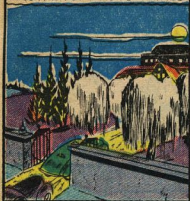
MY FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS! ANY ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE SAVED ME FROM THIS, BUT, NO - I'M ONLY THE GOOD TIME PAL WHO THROWS SWELL PARTIES!

HIS HEART FILLED WITH HATRED FOR THE FRIENDS WHO HAVE FAILED HIM, JIM MACK RETURNS TO "RESTLESS WILLOWS"; HIS BRAIN SEETHING WITH THOUGHTS OF REVENGE ---





AS THE GUESTS ARRIVE FOR ANOTHER OF MACK'S PARTIES--



THEY ARE STARTLED BY THE SIGHT OF A ROW OF TOMBSTONES--



LOOK AT THIS, WILL YOU?



HERE LIES
JAMES MACK



THERE'S YOURS, JOHN!



AND HERE'S MINE!
I WONDER WHAT SORT
OF STUNT HE'S GOING
TO WORK WITH
THESE!



HERE'S MINE -
ALL READY FOR
ME, HA HA!



BUT THERE IS ONE IN WHOM MACK'S
GAG STRIKES A NOTE OF SUS-
PICION - THE **BLACK HOOD**

IT'S KIND OF A GRUESOME
GAG - IF YOU ASK ME!





THE BUTLER TAKES THE GUESTS' WRAPS



BOY THIS IS THE GOOFIEST PARTY OF 'EM ALL!... MACK EVEN HAS ONE OF HIS STOOGES DRESSED UP AS THE BLACK HOOD!



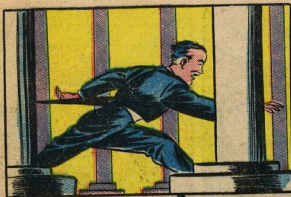
HA, HA! YOU FELL FOR IT, BRENT. THAT'S KNOWN AS MACK'S AUTOMATIC LEFT TO THE BUTTON!







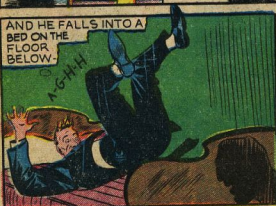




SUDDENLY A TRAP DOOR OPENS UNDER HARLOW'S FEET---



AND HE FALLS INTO A BED ON THE FLOOR BELOW--



MACK! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT, MY DEAR "FRIEND!"



DOES THIS EXPLAIN IT?

NO, NO, MACK!
DON'T HELP!



HELP!

THAT'S COMING FROM THE BASEMENT!
MACK ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME!

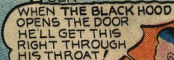


I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

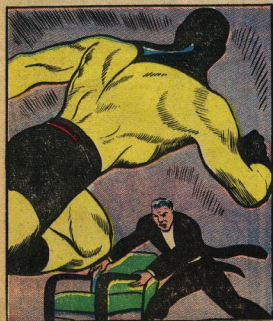


NO YOU DON'T MACK!

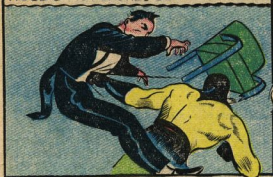




BUT THE HOOD COMES IN BEFORE MACK CAN CLOSE THE DOOR---



BUT EVEN AS HE GOES DOWN, THE HOOD'S FIST LASHES OUT---



NOT RIGHT AWAY- YOU WON'T!



HE'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO HANDLE! I MUST GET OUT!



FLEEING IN DESPERATION, MACK FORGETS THAT HE RIGGED UP THE DAGGER IN THE BOXING GLOVE---

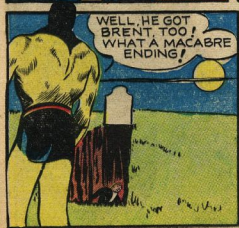


THAT'S ONE PRACTICAL JOKE THAT BACK-FIRED ON JIM MACK!



I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THOSE GRAVES AGAIN!

WELL, HE GOT BRENT, TOO! WHAT A MACABRE ENDING!



IT'S ONLY BECAUSE OF YOU THAT I'M STILL ALIVE, BLACK HOOD!

LUCK HAD A LOT TO DO WITH IT, TOO, MR. HARLOW. IT SEEMS MACK WENT AS CRAZY AS 'RESTLESS WILLOWS' LOOKS!



IN THE
MARCH

Featuring
THE **BLACK HOOD**

TOP-NOTCH

NO. 25

comics

ALSO THAT INCOMPARABLE DUO --- **THE WIZARD**

AND **ROY THE SUPERBOY** MORE

THRILLS, CHILLS AND RED-BLOODED READING PLEASURE
THAN EVER BEFORE.....

ON SALE NOW



THE CURSE OF THE HEADLESS IDOL

A BLACK HOOD STORY

John Sanford, wealthy collector of the odd and bizarre, sat in his study, admiring the latest and most valuable addition to his collection, the carved image of an oriental idol's head with a blazing ruby implanted in the center of the forehead. Sighing contentedly, the collector picked up one of the newspapers which littered the desk. It was opened to a story of the jewel before him. The story had been given to the reporters by Bart Carson, the dealer who had sold him the ancient piece in the disposal of the estate of a man recently deceased. Fantastic, he thought, as he read the article. For Carson had recounted a strange story of a curse following the jewel. "The legend behind the stone of Jandi Kama," he had stated, "dates back to ancient times. It is said that whoever touches the stone will exchange his head for the head of the idol." And then Carson had pointed out that the previous owner had been decapitated in a strange automobile accident, as an example.

Kip Burland whistled his way along the well kept street which led past the Sanford mansion. As he passed he recalled the story of the idol's head which Sanford had bought. The dealer, he thought, let his imagination run away with him, and got some nice publicity out of it. He glanced at the sumptuous mansion, then froze at what he saw skulking along the side of the house. For a moment he couldn't believe his eyes. It was the figure of a headless man, dressed in oriental trappings. And the figure was moving into the house through a large window. Swiftly, Kip ran toward the mansion.

Inside, John Sanford stood in petrified horror at the gruesome figure advancing toward him. At last, dry, choked words came from his crusted lips. "Who..who are you? What do you want?" From somewhere inside that headless figure words came. "You are a defiler of the Sambi Temple. You have touched the stone of Jandi Kama. You will return it, or lose your head." Sanford gulped, then in terrified tones cried, "Yes take the cursed thing away..I don't want it."

The Thing reached for the head. But at that instant the Black Hood came streaking into the room. Startled, the headless figure turned, and in a moment they were locked in battle. Animal like claws tried to rake the Black Hood's body. Then suddenly, the Black Hood found an opening, and his mighty blow found soft flesh that yielded. He struck again. There was a gasping sigh and the strange figure sank to the floor, unconscious.

Kneeling, the Hood ripped at the decapitated neck. "Clever, eh?" he said. "A mask to resemble a neck and shoulders. And behind it, Bart Carson. Carson planted that story in the papers about the curse. The strange death of its previous owner gave him the idea. He wanted that jewel, and thought he could scare you into giving it to him, and he almost did."

Sanford came forward. "I..I don't know how to thank you, Black Hood." The Black Hood smiled. "Never mind that..just call the police for Mr. Carson's delivery."

Archie

A STRANGE CALM HANGS OVER THE STREETS OF RIVERDALE. BUT IT'S THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM..... AND THE GOOD PEOPLE OF RIVERDALE SEND UP DAILY PRAYERS THAT THE PLAY, ARCHIE AND HIS GANG ARE REHEARSING LASTS FOREVER.

TAKE HER UP SOME MORE, JUGHEAD! COME ON, BETTY! GIVE OUT WITH SOME ACTING! YOU'RE DEAD!

I'M NEARLY DEAD TOO! HEY ARCHIE ARE YOU SURE THE STAGE MANAGER DOES ALL THE WORK!



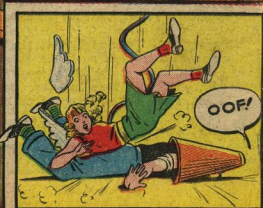
PROPS

OKAY JUG! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH. NOW LISTEN BETTY.... IN THIS SCENE....

YEEOW! I'M STABBED!

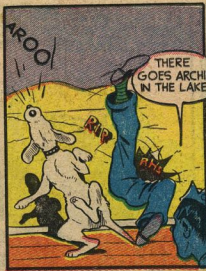
OOF!

By Montana





UMPH... HEY!
GET ME OUT
OF HERE!



AROO!

THERE
GOES ARCHIE
IN THE LAKE!



NICE GOIN'
DE MILLE!
THERE GOES
OUR BLOOD
HOUND!



LISTEN ARCHIE ANDREWS! ANW...
YOU BETTER GET A NEW HE WAS
BLOODHOUND OR A ANEMIC,
NEW LEADING LADY! ANYWAY.

QUIET! PLEASE!
LET ME THINK.



I'VE GOT IT!
WE NEED A DOG... THE DOGS
WON'T COME TO US SO
WE'LL GO TO THE DOGS!

YEAH!
YOU'RE GOIN'
FAST!



WHO'S GOT
THE MOST
DOGS IN
TOWN?

AUDITORIUM

KELLY'S
HOT DOG
STAND!



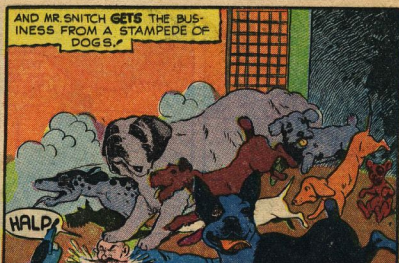
NO! NO! WISE GUY!
I MEAN MR. SNITCH THE
DOG CATCHER. THERE
HE IS NOW WITH A
FULL HOUSE.



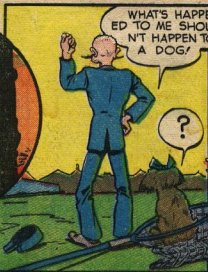
I'LL CATCH
THIS RUNT
AND CALL
IT A DAY!



IT WOULDN'T BE
HONEST TO OPEN
THE DOOR SO I'LL
JUST UNLOCK IT!



ARCHIE, BETTY AND JUG-
HEAD LIGHT OUT AFTER
THEIR RELUCTANT
STAR!



MEANWHILE, THE DELUGE OF DOGS RELEASED BY ARCHIE ARE ROMPING SAVILY THROUGH THE STREETS.



PUL-LEASE MR. COOPER! AFTER ALL I AM THE MAYOR.

YOU KISS JUST LIKE MRS. BISHOP.

YEE OW! WOULD'NT YOU KNOW IT? AND ME A HARVARD MAN.

MAMA MIA! AT'S A NUFF! ATSA TOO MUCH!

BACK IN THE AUDITORIUM ARCHIE EXAMINES HIS NEW ACTOR!

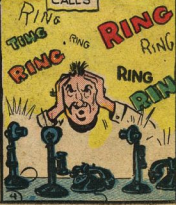
HE'S NICE BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A BLOOD-HOUND WITH ALL THOSE SPOTS!

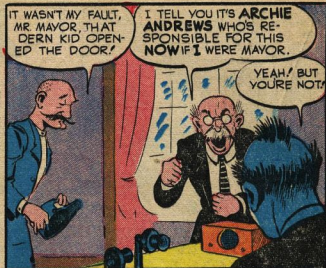


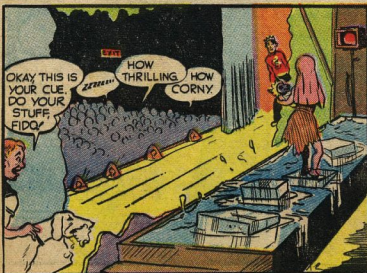
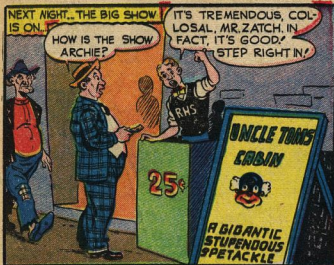
SO THAT'S EASY YOU PAINT THE SPOTS WHITE AN I'LL MAKE LINES ON HIS FACE SO HE'LL LOOK SAD.



MEANWHILE... BACK IN HIS OFFICE (FOR A PAIR OF PANTS) THE MAYOR IS BEING DELUGED BY ANGRY PHONE CALLS







SUDDENLY, THE BIRD DOG
TURNS AND SEES THE BIRD
ORNAMENT ON MRS
GRUNDY'S HAT!



AND HIS TRAINING
GETS THE BEST OF
HIM.



JUGHEAD! OH
JUGHEAD! C....
C'MERE 'N HELP
ME! THESE
DOGS ARE
STAMPEDIN'!



OOO! NEVER
MIND, JUGHEAD
IT DOESN'T
MATTER ANY
MORE!



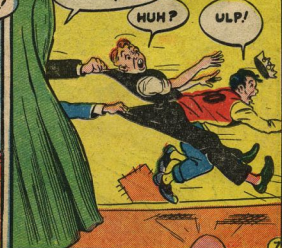
A RIOT SOON
ENSUES

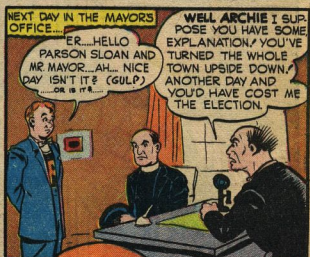
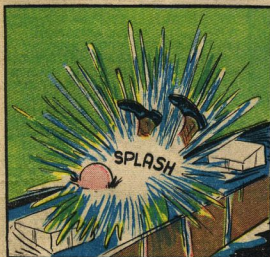
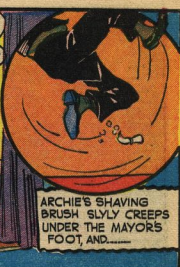


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
PLEASE BE CALM! THOSE
DOGS HAVEN'T GOT
ANYTHING!



C'MERE, YOU!





ARCHIE APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN...
PEP COMICS

MR. JUSTICE

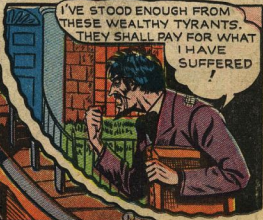
by
S. COOPER



A POOR, STRUGGLING ARTIST COMPLETES A PORTRAIT FOR A WEALTHY BANKER AND BECAUSE HE DARED TRUTHFULLY DEPICT HIS SUBJECT, IS THROWN OUT OF THE HOUSE—AND A HEART BLAZING WITH HATRED AND A TERRIFYING LUST FOR VENGEANCE IS BORN ---

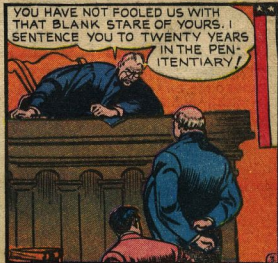
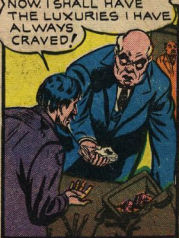


THE BEST AND MOST HONEST PICTURE I HAVE EVER DONE AND THAT IS THE THANKS I GET!



I'VE STOOD ENOUGH FROM THESE WEALTHY TYRANTS. THEY SHALL PAY FOR WHAT I HAVE SUFFERED!





HA, HA! TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON FOR THAT FAT WORM THIS IS MY GREAT DAY!

TONIGHT YOU WILL KILL YOUR HUSBAND. YOU WILL BRING HIS INSURANCE MONEY TO ME!

YOU MUST TELL THEM I AM INNOCENT!

BAH! WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?

HA, HA, HA! THE WORLD IS MINE, NOW--THE SAME WORLD WHICH KICKED ME AROUND ALL THESE YEARS! AND NOW IT'S MY TURN TO DO THE KICKING!

CRAZED WITH HIS NEW FOUND POWER, THE ARTIST MAKES A HORDE OF SOULLESS CRIMINALS TO SERVE HIS ENDS.

NO, I LOVE HIM!

I MUST KILL YOU, DEAR! I MUST!

I MUST KILL YOU, DEAR! I MUST!

YOU WILL BETRAY YOUR COUNTRY TO THE ENEMY!

YOU WILL BETRAY YOUR COUNTRY TO THE ENEMY!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, YOUR COUNTRY'S NOW COMPLETELY OURS!

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB, WE ARE PAYING YOU WELL FOR YOUR PART IN THE PUTSCH!

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB, WE ARE PAYING YOU WELL FOR YOUR PART IN THE PUTSCH!

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB, WE ARE PAYING YOU WELL FOR YOUR PART IN THE PUTSCH!



SO! 'KNUCKLES' WERNER IS GOING TO TRIAL AND THE D.A. PROMISES A SPEEDY CONVICTION! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

IN THE COURTROOM ---
GEE, THAT GUY'S DOING AN EXACT LIKENESS OF THE D.A.

O.K. IT SOUNDS SCREWY TO ME BUT WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU. FIFTY GRAND IF YOU TURN THE TRICK - CURTAINS IF YOU DON'T!

I HAVE NEVER FAILED YET. YOU MAY CONSIDER YOUR COLLEAGUE A FREE MAN!

MR. JUSTICE IS AMONG THE SPECTATORS --- THAT ARTIST SEEMS PRETTY INTENT ON WHAT HE'S DOING! SOMETHING TELLS ME THERE'S SOME TIE-UP BETWEEN HIM AND ALL THESE BLANK-FACED CRIMINALS!

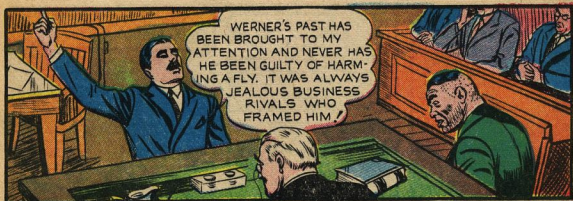
WHILE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY MAKES A FIERY ADDRESS TO THE JURY!

I TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, THAT THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IS ALMOST TOO GOOD FOR THIS VICIOUS, MURDERING REPTILE WHOSE HANDS DRIP WITH THE BLOOD OF HIS VICTIMS!

THE ARTIST COMPLETES HIS PORTRAIT - NOW YOU LOUD-MOULDED SHYSTER, PLEAD FOR HIS LIFE!

YOUR HONOR, I HAVE MADE A BIG MISTAKE ABOUT 'KNUCKLES' WERNER!
WHAT?

GO AHEAD, YOU BABBLING FOOL. TELL THE COURT WHAT A FINE, MISUNDERSTOOD CHARACTER WERNER IS!



WERNER'S PAST HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION AND NEVER HAS HE BEEN GUILTY OF HARMING A FLY. IT WAS ALWAYS JEALOUS BUSINESS RIVALS WHO FRAMED HIM!



PLEAD HARDER!
HARDER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT, THE D.A. IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE'S SAYING!



MR. JUSTICE QUICKLY REDUCES HIS SIZE-

I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE!
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO THESE POOR VICTIMS OF YOURS?



THAT VOICE!
I MUST GET AWAY FROM IT!



MAYBE I IMAGINED IT BUT IT SOUNDED SO REAL!



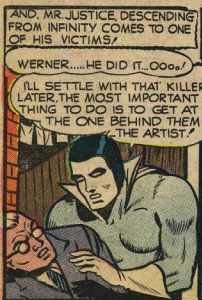
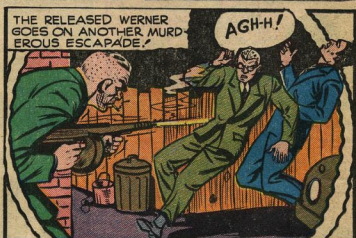
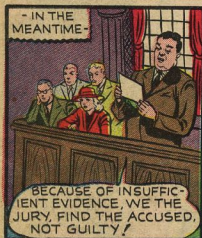
MR. JUSTICE PURSUES THE ARTIST TO HIS STUDIO.



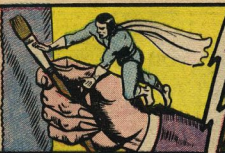
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME!



THE BANKER AND THE PRESIDENT OF TOMANIA, ALL OF THEM WITH THEIR SOULS IMPRISONED IN THEIR PORTRAITS!



AS THE ARTIST PUTS HIS BRUSH TO THE CANVAS MR. JUSTICE ALIGHTS ON HIS HAND--



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. SOMEONE SEEMED TO MOVE MY HAND. THAT'S NOT THE STROKE I WANTED TO PAINT!



THE ARTIST'S STRUGGLES ARE USELESS. MR. JUSTICE FORCES HIS HAND TO PAINT HIS OWN PORTRAIT--



IT'S MY OWN PICTURE! MY HAND WAS FORCED TO PAINT MY OWN PORTRAIT!



YOU! YOU DID THIS TO ME! I'LL KILL YOU!



THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO, NOW! YOUR OWN SOUL WILL REMAIN IN YOUR PORTRAIT UNTIL YOU HAVE RELEASED THE SOULS OF YOUR VICTIMS!



I'LL DESTROY IT! I'LL SLASH IT TO RIBBONS!



NO, YOU WON'T! I'LL KEEP IT UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES!



GRADUALLY, A TRANSFORMATION
COMES OVER THE ARTIST'S FACE



PLEASE, RELEASE
MY SOUL. I'LL DO
ANYTHING!

NOT
UNTIL
YOU DO
AS I
SAY!



HE--HE'S LEAV-
ING! AND WITH
HIM GOES
MY SOUL!

YOU SHANT
HAVE IT,
CURSE YOU.
GIVE ME
BACK MY
SOUL!



YOU FOOL!
DON'T YOU KNOW
MORTAL WEAPONS
CANT HARM ME!



IT'S USELESS
TRYING TO
RUN AWAY!
YOU CANT
ESCAPE FROM
YOUR SOUL



SUDDENLY - THE WILD FLIGHT OF THE ARTIST
IS BROUGHT TO AN ABRUPT HALT AS AN
IMPELLING COMMAND TUGS AT HIS BRAIN

A COMMAND ISSUED TO HIS SOUL
BY MR. JUSTICE---

I COMMAND YOUR
BODY TO
RETURN!



AH/THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. NOW, YOU WILL ERASE THE PORTRAITS OF YOUR VICTIMS!



MECHANICALLY, THE FIENDISH ARTIST OBEYS THE MASTER OF HIS SOUL - MR. JUSTICE!



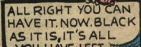
STILL UNDER MR. JUSTICE'S INFLUENCE HE WHEW! HE'S DONE ENOUGH TO GET THE CHAIR. YOU CAN TAKE HIM AWAY, NOW OFFICER.



HELLO, HEAD-QUARTERS, I HAVE THE FIEND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT CRIME WAVE!



ALL RIGHT YOU CAN HAVE IT. NOW. BLACK AS IT IS, IT'S ALL YOU HAVE LEFT.



THEN - A MYSTIC WAVE OF MR. JUSTICE'S HAND - AND THE CAPTURED SOUL IS RELEASED!



VISITOR TO SEE YOU!

MY SOUL. I WANT MY SOUL!



GIVE ME MY SOUL PLEASE PLEASE!



OF HIS SOUL THE ARTIST BEGINS TO KNOW FEAR AS HE IS LEAD AWAY TO HIS FINAL PUNISHMENT---

AND SO, AGAIN IN POSSESSION



HE'S DEAD AND AT PEACE. I COULD HAVE SENT HIM TO HIS GRAVE WITHOUT HIS SOUL, BUT THAT WAS TOO HORRIBLE A FATE TO INFLICT, EVEN ON HIM!



MR. JUSTICE, THE MOST UNIQUE CHARACTER IN COMICS APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!

SERGEANT BOYLE

By
HUBBELL

GIVE SOME MEN AN INCH AND THEY'LL TAKE A MILE. SERGEANT BOYLE HAS BEEN GIVEN THAT INCH BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.... ONE SPECTACULAR RENDEZVOUS AFTER ANOTHER WITH THE NAZIS HAS GIVEN HIM A COMPLETE FREEDOM OF ACTION ON THE BRITISH BATTLE FRONTS....

AS THE BATTLE FOR THE CAUCASUS OIL FIELDS CONTINUES, A SMALL DETACHMENT OF VOLUNTEERS - LED BY SERGEANT BOYLE IS CUT OFF FROM THE MAIN FORCES AND THE NAZIS START TO CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL ---

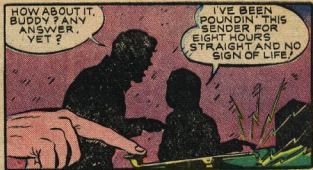
C'MON, BOYS!
THEY'RE WEAKENING!
LET'S GET 'EM!

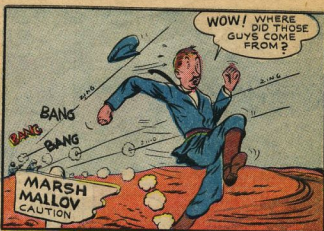
WE'LL TEACH THESE
LIVERWURSTS A THING
OR TWO ABOUT
FIGHTING!

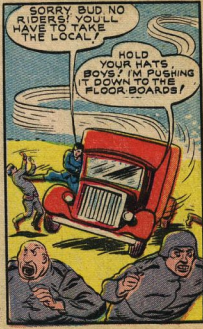




UNSEEN, A DELAYED ACTION BOMB LIES ON THE GROUND A FEW FEET AWAY..







SO IT'S YOU AGAIN! WHERE DID YOU DROP FROM THIS TIME? MOVE OVER, TWERP!

I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME! SEEMS LIKE I HEARD YOU WERE BEING HELD FOR OBSERVATION AT SOME ASYLUM!



OH, THAT! I KNEW I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT SOMETHING! REMIND ME TO TAKE IT UP WITH YOU LATER!



RIGHT NOW, WE'RE IN A PRETTY TIGHT SPOT. BY THE WAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE HERE?

HOW DID WE KNOW? YOUR S.O.S. HAS BEEN COMIN' IN FOR HOURS. WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER US? YOUR RECEIVER MUST BE SHOT!



O.K. BUDDY, YOU CAN STOP NOW, THEY GOT IT!

HEY! BOYLE - C'MERE!



WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS TWO-SOME?

A COUPLE OF THE BOYS CAUGHT 'EM PLANTING LANDMINES BUT THEY WON'T TALK!



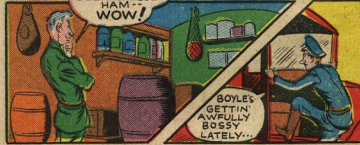
OH, NO? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT - TWERP! MOVE THE TRUCK OVER BEHIND THOSE ROCKS!

GOOD AS DONE, BOYLE!



BOYOBOY! BEER-CHEESE HAM-- WOW!

CORP SAID THIS WAS A SUPPLY TRUCK. THIS LOCK OUGHT TO BE A CINCH-- I'VE GOT IT!



BOYLE'S GETTIN' AWFULLY BOSSY LATELY...

WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE?

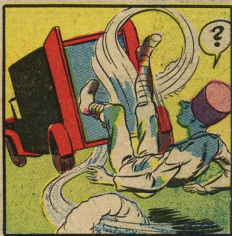
APPLES?

COOKIES?

PICKLES?



JUST THEN THE TRUCK LURCHES FORWARD...





HALT! WHOEVER YOU ARE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

PIOP!



SLAPSIE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

H'VA CORP



BOY! THOSE HEINIES SURE CAN RUN! I COULDN'T SEE 'EM FOR DUST!

I WONDER WHERE THEY PICKED UP THAT HOOEY 'BOUT SIBERIANS?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF, AS THEY SAY, THE WHOLE NAZI ARMY EXPECTS A SIBERIAN ATTACK, WE MAY HAVE AN OUT!

IF YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I THINK YOU ARE, YOU CAN STOP RIGHT THERE. I'M NOT GONNA SMEAR MYSELF UP WITH THAT STUFF.



NO! WE WON'T HAVE TO! SUPPOSING WE WENT INTO THEIR LINES AND NABBED A FEW SOUR-KRAUTS..

HEY! THAT'S NOT BAD, BOYLE! AN THAT GIVES ME A THOUGHT, SLAPSIE! C'MERE!



SLAPSIE, YOU REMEMBER THOSE SIGNPOSTS THAT POINT TO THE MARSHES? YOU AN SOME OF THE OTHERS HOP OUT AN CHANGE EM AROUND!

WAY OUT THERE! GEE CORP! THAT D BE SUICIDE!

NO, IT WON'T! YOU CAN TAKE THE TRUCK AN TWERP'LL GO WITH YOU!



SO LONG BOYS, WE'LL KEEP A LIGHT BURNING IN THE WINDOW FOR US!

WELL BE BACK SOON WITH SOME PLAYMATES FOR YOU!



LATER -

SH-H-H! QUIET, COLLINS! HEINIES!

NO KIDDIN? I THOUGHT THEY WERE SNOW-BIRDS!



CAN'T BE MORE'N A HANDFUL OF 'EM! I'LL SCOUT AROUND!

IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, YELL



HMM - THIS OUGHTTA BE THEIR GENERALS TENT! I WONDER IF IT'S TOO EARLY TO PAY MY RESPECTS!

WHO ISS OUDT THERE? SPEAK UP! WHO ISS IT?



TSH, TSH, AND I THOUGHT I HIT HIM SO EASY! NOW FOR THE REST OF MY PLAN.



ZZZ MPFF - VOT ISS? IT'S STILL DARK!

QUIET YOU! GET UP! DO AS I SAY OR YOU'RE A GONER!



OK! NOW BLOW!



VOT GIFFS? ARE VE ATTACKED?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? IT'S ASSEMBLY!

DON'T ASK! JUST RUN!



TOUGH JAW ON THAT BUGLER.... WELL, HERE GOES!



VE VILL HAFF A SPECIAL INSPECTION UND DRILL!

SO LINE UP! FORM A SINGLE COLUMN!

PSST! ISS DOT DER KAPITAN?

I CAN'T MAKE HIM OUT! IT'S TOO DARK!



SOME OF THESE GUYS CAME PREPARED! I'LL LIFT THEIR GUNS

COME! COME! EFEN UP DOT RAGGED LINE!



IF VE HAFF BEEN TOO EASY ON YOU VE CAN ALWAYS PUT SOME DISCIPLINE INTO YOU! YOU VILL RACE TO DOT LINE OF ROCKS UND BACK!



READY!...
GET SET!...

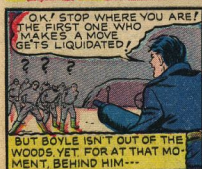
BANG!

GET GOING!



THEY'RE MAKIN' BETTER TIME THROUGH THAT SNOW THAN I EXPECTED!

HERE THEY COME BACK, BUT I'VE GOT THEIR GUNS!



OK! STOP WHERE YOU ARE! THE FIRST ONE WHO MAKES A MOVE GETS LIQUIDATED!

???

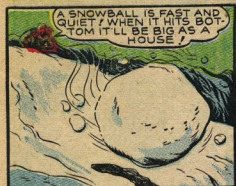
BUT BOYLE ISN'T OUT OF THE WOODS YET. FOR AT THAT MOMENT, BEHIND HIM---



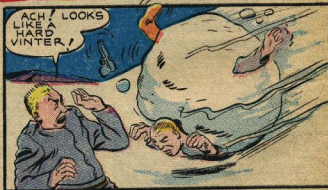
HE HASN'T SEEN US! SHH! WAIT TILL I SAY 'FIRE' UND VE GET HIM!



LOOKS LIKE BOYLE IS IN A SPOT! SAY THIS SNOW PACKS!



A SNOWBALL IS FAST AND QUIET! WHEN IT HITS BOT-TOM IT'LL BE BIG AS A HOUSE!



ACH! LOOKS LIKE A HARD WINTER!



THANKS! DADDY'S LITTLE HELPER!

PLEASURE WAS MINE! WHO ARE YOUR UGLY FRIENDS?



WHAT A TOUGH BUNCH OF BOYS! TAKE THEIR GUNS AWAY AND THEY'RE GENTLE AS LAMBS!

YEAH, THEY WOULDN'T HURT A FLY, WOULD THEY? MOVE ALONG, YOU LUGS!



THEY'RE BACK! WE KNEW THEY'D DO IT!

RAY FOR COLLINS AND SARGE!



SO YOU GUYS GOT ALL THOSE SIGNS FIXED? GOOD! BUT WHERE'S SLAPSIE?

WELL, ER - YOU SEE - WELL - IT WAS THIS WAY - SARGE



WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T MUTTER - WHERE IS HE?

HE GOT SEPARATED FROM US, COLLINS! WE LOOKED HIGH AND LOW - BUT -



SLAPSIE'S LOST! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! LET ME GO! YOU APE!

HEY! WAIT! USE YOUR HEAD, COLLINS!



BELIEVE ME, I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL, BUT WE CAN'T LOSE OUR HEADS, NOW!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT - IT'S PROBABLY TOO LATE BY NOW - - - POOR SLAPSIE!



SARGE! OUR SCOUTS JUST REPORTED THE HEINIES ARE COMING UP FROM THE SOUTH!

WHAT? ALREADY? HOLY SMOKES!



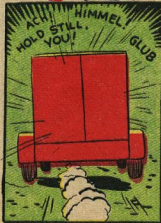
BRING ALONG THE PRISONERS, CORP! I'LL GET THE TRUCK!



INTO THAT TRUCK HEINIES! I'M IN A BIT OF A HURRY!



START DRIVING, CORP! I'LL SEE THAT OUR CAST GET THEIR MAKE-UP ON STRAIGHT

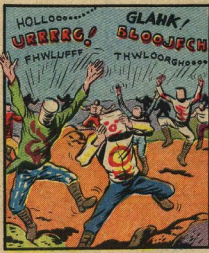


ACH, HIMMEL! HOLD STILL, YOU! GLUB



HEY, BOYLE, WE'RE NEARLY THERE! YOU MAKIN' OUT O.K.?

YEAH / BOY, WAIT'LL YOU GET A LOAD OF THESE BUMS!







GRIMLY, THE
BOY DE-
TECTIVE,
DUSTY BATTLED
AGAINST OVER-
WHELMING
ODDS IN
"ONE NIGHT
OF TERROR"

THE BREATH
OF DEATH
WAS HOT ON
JUJU
WATSON'S
FACE WHEN
THE SHIELD
CAME CHARG-
ING TO HIS
RESCUE.
AGAINST "THE
HOODED
PLAGUE"

THE NEW
SHIELD-WIZARD
NO. 6
COMES TO
YOU
WITH A

BANG

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW!

THE WIZARD FLUNG
HIMSELF AT THE INSANE
DOCTOR WHO BE-
LIEVED "THE DEAD
CAN WALK AGAIN"



Be a RADIO Technician

Many make \$30 \$40 \$50 a week

I Train *Beginners* at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 25 years
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and made \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Loudspeaker System building, installing, servicing and operating is another growing field for N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians.



Here is a quick way to more pay. Radio offers a way to make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time a few months from now, plus the opportunity for a permanent job in the growing Radio Industry. There is an increasing demand for full time Radio Technicians and Radio Operators. Many make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. On top of a large demand for Radio sets and equipment for civilian use, the Radio Industry is getting millions and millions of dollars in Defense Orders. Clip the Coupon below and mail it. Find out how I train you for these opportunities.

Jobs Like These Go To Men Who Know Radio

The 882 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ thousands of Radio Technicians with average pay among the country's best paid industries. Repairing, selling, servicing, installing home and auto Radio receivers (there are more than 50,000,000 in use) gives good jobs to thousands. Many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians take advantage of the opportunities to have their own full time or spare time service or retail Radio businesses. Think of the many good jobs in connection with Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N. R. I. gives you the required knowledge of Radio for these jobs. N. R. I. trains you to be ready when Television opens jobs in the future. Yes, N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They are THOROUGHLY TRAINED. Many N. R. I. trained men hold their regular jobs, and make extra money fixing Radio sets in spare time.

Beginners Soon Learn to Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start cashing in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment, for conducting experiments which give you valuable practical experience. You also get a modern Professional Radio Servicing Instrument. My

50-50 method—half working with Radio parts, half studying my lesson texts—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating, practical.

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

Every man likely to go into military service, every soldier, sailor, marine, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to 6 times a private's base pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN FOR RADIO NOW!

Find Out How N. R. I. Teaches Radio and Television

Act today. Mail coupon now for 64-page Book. It's FREE. It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my Course in Radio and Television; shows more than 100 letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers you. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on penny postcard—NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 2BM7
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

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RICH REWARDS IN RADIO

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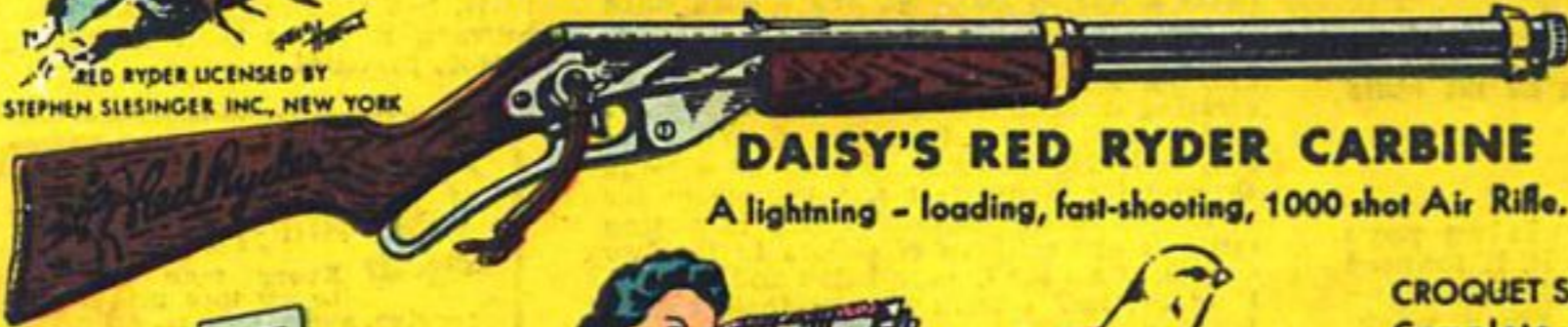
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